

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TOM and DICK,

OVER A

Dish of Coffee,

Concerning MATTERS of

RELIGION

AND

GOVERNMENT.

Printed in the Year. 1 6 8 0.

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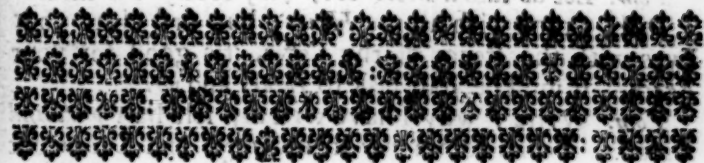
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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TOM and DICK.

Tom. SO! we Two are got together into a Corner of this *Coffee-house*, where none can overhear us; *Prithee Dick.* let us Discourse like our selves.

Dick. Ay *Tom.* just like *Cit.* and *Bumpkin*; this is the place for *Dialogues*: There sat *Cit.* where you do, and here sat *Bumpkin* where I do; now if we could but talk so wisely.

Tom. Why! What discours'd they of *Dick*?

Dick. Of matters of *Religion* and *Government*; what should they talk of else? 'tis all the Discourse now, from the *Lord* to the *Fidler*, all are grown *States-men*.

Tom. Well, and how handled they matters?

Dic. Pestilent well; and they begun about *Petitions*, things that have made a great *Bustle*, and much Discourse.

Tom. Let us talk a little too, very freely our minds.

Dick. Come with all my *Heart*; but first clear your Eyes with the steem of the *Coffee*, 'tis good for your *Brain*. It must be your task to *speak*, and *write*.

Tom. Write I why I have writ my self half *purblind* already, I write commonly in my *sleep*, and *Dream* out politick Discourses: & *Further Discoveries*, which I have thought many a time and oft *Old Nick* Himself injects into my Skull, they are such notable *unlucky* ones; the *Government* could never be at quiet for me in those days of Your, till I got Four or Five hundred a Year by chattering, and whilst that lasted, I was as mute as a Bell-founder, or *Will Pryn*, when buried amongst musty *Records*; but now to tell you the truth, I have nothing else to *live on*, but my *Wits*, and yet am at my *Wits-end*, because I can get no living Creature to answer me; that I might with a handsome colour continue the *Wrangle*.

Dick. Let your Bookseller hire some body to reply.

Tom. Hang him; he says he *loses* by my works already, that I am grown a meer *Fumbler* at Scribbling, and forc'd to be my own Plagiary; but a Book's a Book, and a Bargain's a Bargain, and therefore hither-to I have done well enough with him.

Dick. Well then, All's well that ends well, but we come to *argue* matters of State, and I say (as aforesaid) it must be your Province to *invent* and *hold forth*.

Tom. And yours *Dick.* to *hear* and *believe*.

Dick. But I'll speak in my turn, though to little *purpose*.

Tom. You say well, for none always speaks to *purpose*, though he speaks *purposely*.

Dick.

Dick. I bar *Riddles*, for if you speak 'um, you must unriddle 'um too, and that's *Labour*, you know my *Capacity*.

Tom. Well then I'll tell thee *Dick*, to speak *purposely* in our *Language*, is to set People together by the Ears; and not to speak to the *purpose* is: when for all that, they won't go together by the Ears.

Dick. Very well, truly *Tom.*! very well, I see you are an *enlightning* Man, and hath a plaguy *long snout* of your own to smell a *Presbyterian Plot*. I begin already to have my *Eyes* open, I can see through a *Milstone* as far as another: You'l make me lose my *Nature*, and become *Wise*.

Tom. Ne'r fear it, there be a great many *Knowing Fools*.

Dick. What at *Riddles* again!

Tom. How should we discourse else? That is such as read much, and understand *little*, that hear *wise men* talk, and like *Parrets* can say after them; that have the *Languages* without the *Wit*, to make true use of them: That talk like *Aristotle*, and write like *Seneca*, but live like *Sir Formal*, and act like *Sir Foplin*.

Dick. I say thou art an *enlightning* Man; that there should be such *knowing Fools*: But most *Fools* are knowing in their own *Conceits*; at least they think *themselves* *wise*.

Tom. But to our purpose, if there were not so many *Fools*, there would be fewer *Knaves*: For if there were not a great many believing *Fools*, there would be far less inventing, prateing, and scribbling *Knaves*.

Dick. You are much in the right in that; we have talk'd of *Fools*, but a word or two of *Knaves*.

Tom.

Tom. Well, I will endeavour to satisfy you in that, There are a very great number of that *profession*, and we have also our *Committees*, and *Sub-Committees*, *Clubs*, and *Meeting Houses*, even from *Algate* to *Temple-Bar*, in the *City of Westminster*, *Burrow of Southwark*, & in the *Country*, throughout *England*, and in all the *Chief Corporations* thereof; and we go *buzzing*, or rather *roaring* and *railing* up and down against *praying*, *desiring*, *intreating*, *requesting*, *supplicating*, and the like; as *dangerous*, *abominable*, *prophane*, *tumultuous*, *incendarious*, *republicanical*, and *rebellious*. Nay, we have our *Gazets* too, our *Pamphlets*, our *Poems*, our *Intelligences*, our *Compendiums*, our *Coffee-ales*, and more tricks by half than *Cit.* can be imagined to have.

Dick. I say you talk like a fallen *Angel*, a very *Intelligence*; What a fool was I, to know nothing of your *Clubs*! but the *Righteous* call them *Jesuitical*.

Tom. 'Tis true, they have got that Title of late, and to tell you the truth, those learned Gentlemen have much *enlightned* our Eyes, and taught us how to carry things *closely*, and *cunningly*. and to *work* and *undermine*. They are the *Masters* at *Sapping*, and have laid down for us *Mathematical Rules*.

Dick. As how?

Tom. As when we have a *mind* to set People together by the Ears. to begin with *Religion*, to invent *new Plots*, to raise *Stories*, to forge *Lies*, to Create *Relations*, to make *Dialogues*, to feign *things* that never were, to cause *Jealousies*, to stir up *Feudes*, to rail at the *Presbyterians* and other *Seſtaries*, and to frame them *Clubs*, *Committees*, *Officers*, *Intelligences*, nay, to tell aloud their secret *Whispers*, *Thoughts*, and *Motions* of their *Souls*.

Dick. But why is all this : for what end ? Don't we live in *Peace* ? And has not *God* given us *Plenty* and *Riches* ; and a good *King*, that grants us all just *Liber-ties* ?

Tom. Why there's the thing *Fool* : I'll tell thee instantly in a Word, 'tis to break this *Golden Chain*, and to cause *Commutations* and *Rebellion* if we can.

Dick. What will you get by it ?

Tom. I can't tell *Fool* what you will get : But I am sure I shall get sufficiently. 'Tis good to *Fish* in troubled *Waters* ; and there were never any *Troubles* yet, but as we had our *Fingers* in them, we knew (as they say) how to lick 'em.

Dick. I thought all the *Knaves* had been among the *Citts* and *Sectaries*.

Tom. No *Fool* : There be *Court Knaves*, and *Jesuitical Knaves*, *Ungodly*, *Unsanitified*, *Irreligious* and *Prophane Knaves*, as well as *Demure*, *Religious*, and *Saint-like Knaves*, nay there be *Monarchicals*, as well as *Republican Knaves* : *Lords* and *Knights* and *Gentlemen*, as well as *Citts*.

Dick. But pray Sir, are there not also, as many of my *Profession* too, besides *Bumpkins* ?

Tom. Yes sure ; and most commonly, the *Knave* and the *Fool* goes together, as we now do, for they love one another *Strangely*.

Dick. That's *Strange* me thinks, yet I observe them often together.

Tom. The *Knave* knows not well how to be without the *Fool* ; this *Latter* is the *others Instrument*, his *Tool* with which he works *Miracles* : He makes use of him, as the *Monkey* does of the *Catts Foot*, to pull the *Nut* out of the *Fire*. So *Fool*, you must be my *Instrument*, and I will instruct you, perhaps in time, you may get *Preferment* as well as *Bumpkin* ?

Dick.

Dick. Prethe do : I will endeavour to Learn.

1 Tom. Why first you must learn to *Invent*, marke me, *nvent things* that never were, nor ever like to be, or if you are not good at *Invention*, wee'l do it for you ; then it must be your *work* to *believe*, and to cause our *Inventions* to be *believ'd*, though they be against *Sence* and *Reason*, against *Proofs*, *Oaths*, *Witnesses*, and *Demonstration* it self.

Dick. What, *Narratives of Dragons, Prodigies, and Strange Sights* : That's the way *Citt* takes.

Tom. No, no, *Stranger Relations*; though the *Sun* shine, you must say and believe it is *Night* : Though the *Land* be *Embroyl'd*, and in great *trouble*, you must think it is in *Peace* : Though the *Wind* Blow, you must say 'tis *Calm*, though it be *Sultry weather*, you must cry it is damn'd *Cold*, and blow your *Fingers*. Though you see *Popery* spread, you must say the *Presbyterians*, and *Sectaries* bring it in under hand. Though you feel the *Shoe ring* the *Foot*, you must say 'tis an *easy shoe* : You must endeavour to turn *Plots* into *Ridicule*, and to make *Sectaries* *Fesuits*, *Knaves* to seem *Honest Men*, and *Honest Men* *Knaves*.

Dick. But you must give me the *means* to do it.

Tom. Oh ! You must be diligent, when we *Write*, *Speak*, *Exclaim*, *Rail*, *Huff*, *Roar*, *Swear*, *Rant*, and *Lampoon*, to run every where, and publish them in all *Companies*, and *Places*, especially among the *Fools*, the *Roysters*, the *God-dam-mees*, the *Festers*, the *Fidlers*, the *Careless*, the *Prophane*, the *Tyranical*, the *Rapacious*, the *Cheats*, the *Hectors*, the *Bullies*, and the *Shirks* in the *Bauy-houses*, *Play-houses*, *Gaming Ordinaries*, the *Court of Requests*; and *Westminster-hall*, and every where, and in all *Companies*, to gain *Credit*, and Especially among the *Papists*, and the *Mungril Papists*, who are neither
Flesh,

Flesh, nor Fish, nor good Red Herring:

Dick. I see a man may live and Learn, I think I have the Advantage of *Bumpkin* in this.

Tom. That thou hast, for you may do it with ease, and neither fear *Pillory* nor *Imprisonment*. We have many great Men will take your part, the *Jesuits* underhand will incourage you, and we have a *Party too*, that rather than you shall want, know how to part with *Money* to Promote a good design, and that out of pure *Charity*, can release persons out of *Prison*, to do their *Stabbing jobs*. Don't think all the *Policy* lies in the *Cits* Lords:

Dick. And I must speak against *Petitioning* too, and *Parliaments*.

Tom. Ay against the first, with full mouth, *Authority* will back you; but against the latter Cautiously, like a very *Presbyterian*. And though we could heartily wish, there might never be any more *Parliaments* (unless it were to make an *Act* that some of us might *Supervise the Press*) we must not say so, because of the damn'd *Priviledges*, and *Old Musty Records*, *Magna Charta's* and many *Moldy Statutes*, which the *Common People* are fond of, and will draw an *Odium* upon us:

Dick. But what was that true that *Cit* and *Bumkin* said tother Night, about getting of *Hands* and *Subscriptions* to *Petitions*, and putting in false, and Invented *Names*?

Tom. 'Tis no matter whither it were he or not, these New-fashioned Court-made *Citts* are often given to Lying and *Bragging*, however though we don't believe it our selves 'twill make much for us, if the *People* will believe it.

Dick. I am affraid truly, they have the greatest Party on their side.

Tom. Thou talk'st now right Fool, but if they had, we are the *Wise*, and know how to be even with them: We know how to Chop and Change *Persons* in Business, till we have Molded them to our Humour, and till we are sure we have got such, as will at least *Connive* at our *Poltricks*.

Dick. I know not how it came about, that the *Petitions* fell so soon, both in *City* and *Country*, till *Citt* Inform'd me.

Tom. I tell thee, thou must not believe all *Citt* says, he is a very *Lying Fellow*, the truth on't was, many of us made use of their *Wits* in that Affair, we spake fair to some, we *Threatned* others, we *Flattered* many, and us'd no small *Diligence* and *Policy* to put a Stop to *Petitioning*, which like an *Ach* had spread over the *Land*, but indeed under the *Rose*, many were affraid, but more had some *Conscience*, and loved the *King*, and *Peace* of their *Country*, and so were extream unwilling to displease His *Majesty*, since he had shew'd his dislike, and this was the true *Reason*, that broke the *Hearts* of the *City* and *Country* *Petitions*, and put a stop to the inundation of *Hands*, that were coming up.

Dick. Then I perceive, these Men had some *Conscience*, 'tis true indeed, *Citt* said, they had got all sorts of *Consciences*.

Tom. No, no, they have not all the *Consciences* neither, for they have left some for us. There is a *Fools* *Conscience*, and a *Knaves* *Conscience*, a *Little* *Conscience*, a *Large* *Conscience*, and no *Conscience* at all;

Dick.

Dick. I thought 'twas impossible for *Citizens* to have left any *Conscience*, but that they had ingrossed all to themselves. But I pray; what do you mean by these *Consciences*? Explain your self a little.

Tom. That I will for your *Edification*! Know then that a *Little* or *Small Conscience* is no bigger than the *Bag* of a *Bumble Bee*; and this may be call'd the *Fools Conscience*: 'Tis usual to say, a Man has *Little Conscience*, and such an one is he, that will take ones *Money* for nothing; that will strain at every *Gnat*, *Kicks* at the very mention of any *Papists* having a hand in the Late Kings Murder, or that is possible for a *Protestant* that cannot Swallow every little Ceremony to be a good *Subject*. He is one that Promises much, and performs *Little*, Receives all, and pays none, keeps his *Whore*, and breaks his Word with her, runs in *Debt*, and then to the *Fryers*, or a Protection, sets his *Instruments* a work, and leaves them in the *Lurch*; Ruins the poor, to enrich himself, Fires *Houses*, and Robs by the light of them, and endeavours to set the *World* together by the *Ears* to get a *Reward*, or a *Petty Place* to Domineer in.

Dick. Who would think there was so much in a *Little Conscience*? What is then your *Large Conscience*?

Tom. 'Tis much bigger than the *Tun* at *Helderbargh*, and that may be called the *Knaves Conscience*. Ten Thousand pound will lie in one *Crevise* of it, and not be seen at all. He that has it, can Swallow whole *Lordsships*, and an Hundred Thousand Pound will not fill one little *Corner* of it. 'Tis big enough to drain the *French Kings Finances*, and out Kings *Exchequer*. 'Tis so wide, the *Devil* may

run a Race in't, and be out of Breath before he reaches the end of it. They that have this *Conscience* Swear above half as many Oaths as they speak words, spend all on their *Whores*, and leave their *Wives* in want. And the *Whores* have this *Conscience*, that for a little sport, require *Thousand's*, large *Settlements*, great *Gifts*, and if they could get it a *Kingdoms Revenew*.

Dick. Very good, but what is it to have *no Conscience* at all?

Tom. That's a *Jesuitical Conscience*, such as can Swear all Oathes Glibly, take all Tests, Profess all Religions and be of none, Lye, Swear, Forswear, Imprecate, Attest, Blaspheme, Fire Houses, Conspire the Death of Princes, Lay Plots, and Designs for Massacre, and Rebellion, and yet stoutly deny their Guilt, even at the Gallows, and at the Last Gaspsay, they are as *Innocent* as the *Child Unborn*.

Dick. But have we no simple, true, Religious Conscience, that loves God for Gods sake? That Submits to Law Peacably, because Christ commands it? Obeys Magistrates, Loves Peace, both in Church and State, because 'tis the Doctrine of Jesus, and of his Apostles?

Tom. This sort of Conscience is not among us.

Dick. I heard *Cit* say, 'twas only to be found indeed in the Goal, or in the Hospital, in Men in Adversity, or in Sickness.

Tom. 'Tis a Jewel indeed, the Elixir of the States Man, that would convert all Evil Politicks to Gold: The Philosophers Stone of a Divine, that would enrich all his Thoughts with Celestial Treasure. But let us ne're seek after it, 'tis as hard to be got as the Universal Medicine,

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or to be found as *ô Brazell*. Hang it 'tis a *Chymara*, to be look'r for only among *Rosieratians*, or in *Fairy Land*.

Dick. But I heard *Cit* say, that *Consciencious Men*, might be known by their *Looks*, *Gestures*, and *Pulpit Actings*.

Tom. True enough, we have of these sort of *Consciencious Men*, they are not all among the *Citts*: Who more *Demure* than a *Reverend Father Jesuite*? That shall give you words like *Sugar*, which are in the mean time *Rank Poyson*: That can *Equivocate* and *Dissemble*, and *Smile* in your *Face*, and if an opportunity be given, *Cut your Throat*, or *Fire your Houses*? That can *drink* with you, and take the *Sacrament* with you, and then wipe their *Mouths* and *Plot* the death of their *Sovereign*, the *Subversion* of *Religion*, and *Sub-plot*, to put all off their cwn *Backs* upon that of the *Hereticks*? What think you, are not these *Demure*, *Grave*, *Holy* look'd, *Consciencious Men*? Then as for their *Activity* in the *Pulpit*, I defy er'e a *Presbyterian* of them all, to come near a *Seraphick Franciscan*, or a *Mouthing Dominican*. I once heard one of the former at *Tork House*, and never *Fugler*, *Tumbler*, or *Fack-Pudding*, had more *Postures* than he had; therefore let not *Cit* Brag of his *Pulpit Activity*.

Dick. But what say you to those *Moving Metaphors* that some of them have? There they out do all others:

Tom. Neither, for we have enough *Ship Stocking Priests* who have many more *delisious Similies*, and pret-
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ty Metaphors, that would make a Man draw his Mouth of one side: And that Learned grave *Dulman* in the *Univerſity* is not to be forgotten, who praying for the young *Students* in that place, Cry'd, *O Lord make theſe Young Willows to grow up to be Old Oakes, that they may become Timber, fit to Wanſcote thy New Jeruſalem.*

Dick. So much for *Conſcience*, and *Conſciencious Men*: Let me now ask you what *Religion* I ſhould be of, or which is moſt convenient for my *Capacity*?

Tom. Don't you know what *David the King* ſays; *The fool hath ſaid in his heart there is no God.* He has pointed forth thy *Religion Fool*; that is to ſay no *Religion*, an *Atheiſt* in thy *Heart*, but what thou wilt in *ſeen*.

Dick. I thought that had been your *Religion*; there be a very great number of this *Religion*, who plainly teſtifie it, both in their words and actions.

Tom. As for my *Religion*, tho' that ſhall never much trouble me, and 'tis faſhonable to ſcoff and jeer at all *Religions*; and is a mark of wit and gentile breeding ſo to do; yet I having ſome little belief, that there may be a *God* and a *Heaven*, and an *Hell*, I think good to be of that *Religion*, wherein I may purchaſe *Heaven* with my mony, and buy it as men do Land: take my full wing of *Pleasure*, commit all manner of *Sins* and *Debaucheries*; care not how I live, or what I ſay or do all the week, and on *Sunday Morning* be made as clean as a Houſe that's new waſh'd; and ſo as ſoon as all my filthy ſins are carried away by *abſolution*, return again freſh and hungry to new *Commons*; and thus *roties quories*, from one weeks end to another, as long as I live.

O! This is a brave *Religion*; and a *world* such as I have lately embrac'd it; and all the brave *Whores* have followed our steps; It gives *authority* to our *Pleasures*.

Tom. I think very well of this *Religion*, and I am resolv'd to believe this, and profess the other for a time, for I find this to be in *vogue*, and to spread mightily.

Dick. Yes, 'tis to promote this *Religion* that all this *Puther* is made; but we must *safely* and *cunningly* do it, under a secure and dreadful notion, by railing at the *Presbyterians*, and pretending burning zeal for reformed *Catholicks*; whilst indeed we intend to pull down the reformed *Bishops*, and to set up the *Romish*.

Tom. But one thing *Dick*, I must mind you of, that you come short of *Cit* in.

Dick. What's that?

Tom. You have not the *Knack* of getting by *Imprisonment*, or standing *stiffly* and *stoutly* for the cause.

Dick. That's your mistake *Jack*, for I tell you, they learnt that *Trick* of us; for we have several, that weekly and daily search all the *Prisons* in *Town*, for *working Tools*, that is, out of these *Colleges* do pick Persons fit for *desperate designs*. Alas! in that *Cit* is a *Fool* tous; for we have those, that have lain years, like *Fies* in the *Inquisition* in *Newgate*, the *Kings Bench Fleet*, *Gate-house* and other *Prisons*, only to pick and chuse *Instruments* fit for our purpose, and to *insinuate* into them, and to *indoctrinate* them; and having made and moulded them fit for purpose, paid their *Debts*, tho' of a considerable *value*; or if in for other wicked *Actions* and flagitious *Crimes*, get their *Reprieves*, and then their *Pardons*, or some way work their *escape*, and

and then these are eternally obliged to us, being still Feed with *mony*, and kept at the *publick charge*. Don't you see then *Fack*, that the way to *Preferment* is by being *clapt up*? And we have *Lords* and *great men* too, that with their *Purses* and their *Guinees* spare for no cost to *bolster up* the *Cause*.

Tom. But what if any of these should *betray* you, and confess all this at last?

Dick. We have besides the *Impudence of Denying* (for we work with out *witnesses*, the way of *Godfrying* such a one presently, or of sending him beyond *Seas*, as soon as we have done with him, or before he has any opportunity, and then he is past *telling Tales*.

Tom. But won't your *great men* deceive them at last?

Dick. Not till they have fully done with them, and then are not so *generous* as *Cits great Men*: before they dare not for their own *Interest*; and besides, they have always *Spies* upon their *actions* and *behaviour*; and if such a one *spits* but awry, he's gone; he's then like a *Crackt Tool*, to be flung aside, and when he has done what he was intended for; he becomes like a *Worn-out-Tool*, fit only for the *Fire*, or to take a *Dance* with *COLEMAN* at *Tyburn*.

Tom. I am well satisfied as to this point, and thank you that you are so free with me, for I should be much troubled. if you should come behind *Cit* in any thing; well, I think I am fitted now for your service, I pray you get me some place or other, and let me be a perpetual working-Tool.

Dick:

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Dick. As most of your *Capacity* are ; for our *Fools* are such incorrigible *Tools* they never wear out : therefore you need not be afraid of being laid aside.

Tom. But have you as much *Christian Liberty* as *Citt* ? And *Freedom* from all *Humane Laws*, and only subject to the immediate *Commands* of God, and the Spirit, though against the *Written Laws*, *Divine* and *Humane*, and the *Commands* of *Kings* and *Governours* ?

Dick. Yes sure, more than *Citt* has: For we have a better way by half, than to pore in the *Scriptures*, or to hearken to the *Motions* of the *Spirit*, which may be irregular ; therefore we have our *Infallibility* at *Rome*, who, like the *Sun*, disperses his Beams, that is, the *Priests*, who carry his *Infallibility* all the World over: And so instead of waiting on the *Spirit*, that sometimes is sullen, and won't speak, we go but to the next *Priest*, and he gives all the *Christian Liberty* that *Citt* so much brags of. And having his *Priestly* and *Infalible Licence*, overthrowing the *Government* is no *Treason*, taking up Arms against the King no *Rebellion*, robbing the Reformed Bishops, or the Heretical Presbyterian Churches no *Sacrilege*, taking away *Abby* and *Church-Lands* so long settled on *Lay men*, by Authority of *Parliaments* no *Oppression*, taking away *Estates* no *Robbery*, Imprisoning, Racking, Burning, and *Tormenting* persons no *Tyranny* ; and all this under the Name and Notion of Religion, no *Hypocrisie* : forcing Oaths contrary to ones Conscience, *Perjury* and *Blasphemy*, no *Impiety* ; and the blowing up of the King, House of Lords and Commons, Com-

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passing

passing and Contriving the Death of their Sovereign, or Stabbing and Shedding the Sacred Blood of Princes no *Murther*.

Tom. Very good, *live and learn* I say; before you inform'd me, I thought *Citt* had been the most *Publick Man* in the World; and had been best furnished with *Principles*, to Act and bring about his *Designs* of any other; but I see you are even with him, though he bragged he had more Villanies than the *Jesuites*.

Dick. I tell thee he is a very *Bragadocio*: For all those things he takes upon himself, and which perhaps some of them have made use of, he had from the *Jesuites School*. I tell thee man, they are in all *Shapes*, and become all to all to promote the *Cause*.

Tom. But a word as to *Oaths*; *Citt* says, they are excellent at *Swearing*.

Dick. Nay then, if they surpass us at *Swearing* or at *Forswearing* either, I'll be bak'd: For look you, they swore but once in a Year or two, and they were only bare *Oaths*; now we swear our people once a Week, and seal it with the *Sacrament* (a *Knack* *Citt* hath not) when ever we have a *Design* on Foot; besides the *Christian Liberty* that is granted ours, to take all *Oaths* besides our own, and to reckon them none: For to swear by a *Protestant Bible* is no more obliging than if one had swore by the *Alcoran*.

Tom. I think now I am fully *instructed*, and fit for your *purpose*.

Dick.

Dick. Stay, I heard you repeat a *Golden Sentence* of *Citts*. I will also furnish you with one or two that you ought still to have in *mind*.

Tom. O I love *Sentences*, *pithy short Memorials*, and fit to be wrote down in my *Common-place Book*.

Dick. They are these, First, *Asperse boldly*, something will stick. To dye for *Treason* at *Tyborn*, is the ready way to be *Sainted* at *Rome*. To commit *Murth*, and to dye for it, is the best way to become a *Martyr*. To deny the *Guilt* of *Crimes*, at the last *Gas*, and to profess *Innocency*, is a *Sign* of *Grace* and *Jesuitical Fortitude*. That the *Pope* exercises more *Authority* than *God*, who pardons not *Sinners* without *Repentance*; whilst the *Pope* gives *Indulgence* for *Sins* to be committed for *Mony* for a 1000 years to come. To commit *Murder*, *Adultery*, *Theft*, *Drunkenness*, and the like, are great *Sins*, unless advised or consented to, by the *Priest*; and for the *Good* of the *Cause*. To murder an *Heretick*, is no more *Sin*, than to kill a *Dog*: To stab an *Excommunicated Prince* or other *Magistrate*, is the best way to become a *Romish Heroe*, and to have *Elegies* wrote in his *Praise*. To have any *Trouble* or *Remorse* of *Conscience* before or after the *Commitment* of such *sanctified Murders*, is to fall from *Grace*, and to merit *Penance*.

Tom. Very Good, I see *Citt* has not all the *Golden Sentences*, these will I put down in my *Book*.

Dick. You must believe these as your *Creed*, have them by *Heart*, and as perfect as your *Pater-noster* or *Ave-Maria*.

Tom. But what *Employment* have you now?

Dick. I am a *Knave* by *Profession*, and therefore cannot want *Employment*, but the *chiefest* thing that I get *Money* now by, is *Scribbling* all sorts of *Pamphlets*, that may make for *Our Cause*; *Damning* the *Presbyterians* to the *lowest Pit* of *Hell*, *Lamphooning* and *Dialoging*, and *Lettering* the *Plot* into *Ridicule*.

Tom. But are you well paid for it?

Dick. Better paid than you think for, and I have a *Bag* by me, to pay you too, if you go about your *Business* handsomly. We have already almost brought it about, to make the *People* believe, there is no *Plot*. Be sure you be *diligent* in promoting that *Belief*, and bespatter the *Evidence* all you can: call them *Rogues*, *Vagabonds*, *Debauch'd Fellows*, *Perjur'd*, *Lying*, *Inventive* *Knaves* and *Rascals*. Fellows kept out of *Charity*, and released from *Goals*; any thing that may beget an *Odium* of *Them*, and the *Common Enemy*.

Tom. But whom mean you, by the *Common Enemy*?

Dick. You are a *Blind Fool*, if thou see'st not that; why all that oppose setting up of *Popery*, whether *Church of England-men*, *Presbyterians*, and the rest of the *Heretical Fry*, by what *Titles* or *Denominations* soever; for they are all *Hereticks*, and alike to

Tom.

Tom. Then 'tis not only the *Presbyterian Protestants* that you *aim* to overthrow.

Dick. No, No, though we pretend *That*, yet we *aim* also at *Root* and *Branch*.

Tom. What is that?

Dick. A thorow *Reformation* of the *Whole*. A setting up the *Mass* in its *Splendor*, and the retrieving all our *Church Lands*, as fully and wholly as they were before that *Fat-Gut Harry* the 8th. took them from us. Come I tell thee, we hope *once more* to *Reign*, and to *push* on the *Plot*, in spite of those pitiful *Rogues*, *Oates*, *Bedloe*, *Dangerfield*, and the rest of them.

Tom. Bravely resolved. I think now, I am pretty well *instructed* in the *Methods*, and *Fundamentals* of the *Holy Cause*.

Dick. I have yet some *necessary Hints* to *qualifie* you the better for our *Design*. First, as to your *Behaviour*, you are to *transform* your self into *all Shapes*; but you may for the present appear, *Huffing*, *Ranting*, and *Hectoring* in the *Coffee-Houses*, and rail extremely at *Oates* and *Bedloe*; *laugh* aloud at the *Plot*, and do all you can, to make it be *unbelieved*. Sometimes put it upon the *Presbyterians*, and *Commonwealths-men*, and rather than fail, on the *Earl of Danby*, or any *Body else*, but our *selves*: you must seem a very *Hector*, and make a *sneaking Citty* afraid of you.

Tom. Very good, I *understand* you.

Dick.

Dick. Then you must get the *Art of Memory*, mark me, the *Art of Memory*, to call to *Mind*, *Relate*, *Print* and often *talk of* (notwithstanding the *Acts of Oblivion*) all the *Evils* of our late *Rebellion*, the *Murder* of his Sacred Majesty *Charles the First*; the *Banishment* of our *King*, the *Suppression* of the *Cavaliers*, the *Decimation* and *Confiscation* of the *Estates* of the *Royal Party*. You must *renew* all these things again daily, and *paint* them as *ugly*, and in the *worst Shapes* you can. Here will be work for *Tropes*, *Figures*, and *Metaphors*. You must rake in old *Soars*, and *stinking Dunghills*, to make the *Stench* come fresh into the *Nostrils* of the *Royal Party*, to *Incense* them anew, and to cause *Fears* and *Jealousies* both in the *King*, and in those who are *zealous* for him against *this Party*; and though all that *Wickedness*, was acted by a *few*, the *base* and *disowned Company* of *Olivarians*, yet put it upon the whole *Presbyterian Party*, and mention not for your *Ears*, any *Service* they since did to his *Majesty*. And though the *King* has *forgiven*, and past *Acts of Grace* and *Oblivion*, and *commanded* that all should be *forgot*; yet I say, you must now *revive all*, and put it upon the *Citts*.

Tom. Ay, these *Citts* are terrible *Fellows*, they have *Pike* and *Gun* too, and they are *able* they say to do *Service*, if need be, if *Monsieur* should come to aid us.

Dick. 'Tis true, if it were not for these *Citts*, we should do our *Business*, for all the *Bumpkins*; but they are much *agreed*: yet if we could but find some *Trick* to wrest *Musket* and *Pike* out of their *Hands*, we should do the *Feat easily*.

Tom.

Tom. You say well, we might then *fire Houses*, and *cut Throats* at our Pleasure: pick and choose as we please, the *Fat* from the *Lean*. But I doubt we are *too weak*, our *Party* is *too few*.

Dick. Not so *few* as you think for neither; indeed the *bare-fac'd Papists*, are not so very *numerous*, but we have an *Army* in *Masquerade*.

Tom. Who are they?

Dick. *Church Papists*, and a many both *Lay* and *Clergical*, that do not much care which *End* goes formost. Some are down right *Papists* in their Hearts, others are but *Popishly inclined*, but *lean* so much, that the left *Push* of *Advantage* flings them to *Mass*; and others are so *absolutely Regardless*, so they may get either *Money* or *Promotion*, that they *care* not much, which sort of *Bishops* sets in the *Chair*. And let me tell you, we have of all these, that will never *dye Martyrs* for *Protestantism* no small *Company*, that when once the *Scale* begins to *turn*, will bring it *down* on our side *again*.

Tom. I am glad to hear on't. But I understand by *Citt*, that all the *Seſſaries* are *unanimous*, nay, and seem to *close* now, with all the moderate *Church of England-men* in the main *Points*, for a *joynt Opposition* of *Popery*.

Dick. And that I must ingenuously *confess* to thee, is no small *Trouble* to us, and I have *wondred* at it, and *scratch'd my Head* for *Vexation*.

Tom.

Tom. 'Tis their *common Interest* sure enough to be so, you know *Interest* won't lye. They see the *Deluge* coming, and if they go into *Parties*, and stand not *closely* and *roundly* together now, they will be *overborne*.

Dick. It must be therefore our *Master-piece* to break 'um: That is an other Advice I am to give you: make 'um *jealous* one of another if you can; and say, why if the *Papists* are overthrown, and rooted out of the *Land*, you *Presbyterians* will be never the near, the *Church of England* will still *Reign* and *Tyranize* over you, so that you had as good have the *Popish Rocket*, as the *Reformed Lawn-Sleeves*. Then to the *Church of England-men*, you must say, If you root out all the *Papists* out of the *Land*, the *Presbyterians* will be too hard for you, and turn you a *grazing* again. The *Papists* are inconsiderable, and serve but to *Ballance* the *Scales*, and to make the *Sectaries* a little afraid of their *Party*, therefore be *wise* and not *severe* against them.

Tom. This is as good as the *Citts Canting*, I like it well, 'tis *politickly* said by my *Troth*. But another thing, the *Citts* are very *credulous*, and believe their *Printed Domesticks* more than their *Creed*, though the things are never so improbable.

Dick. That's but one *Doctors Opinion*, however, we love our *Domesticks* too, and swarms of other *Pamphlets*, that have *private Marks*, which are *credited* by our *Party*, though the thing be *impossible*. And we have *Legends* of *Lying Miracles*, which surpass the *Domesticks* many a *League*, yet are no more *doubted*, than that 'tis *Day* when the *Sun shines*. Besides, our *Arts of insinuating*, what ever a *Priest* says,

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is believ'd by the *Vulgar* of our side, *ipso facto*. Nay, they are bound to believe it, and that the *Citts* are not their *Domesticks*.

Tom. Then I fancy, many of these *Idle Reports*, are cunningly spread by our Party, and put upon the *Citts*.

Dick. 'Troth so they are, more than you are aware of; we are excellent at spreading false *News*, and raising *Slanders*, 'tis one of our *Master-pieces*.

Tom. O Heaven's! I thought most of those had been *Citts Inventions*.

Dick. There's our *Skill*, first to raise them, and then to put it upon the *Citts*; for it seems very unlikely, that they should come from us, because we seem by many of them to bewray our own *Nest*. But 'tis no matter for that, if we beshit it ten times over, we'll make the *Citts* clean it.

Tom. But one *Virtue Bumpkin* excells you in, and that is *Ignorance*, for he thought the *Ten Commandments* were made by *Henry the Eighth*, and call'd them the *Ten Tables*.

Dick. Don't let that trouble you at all, for it is a *Maxim* among us, *Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion*; and therefore we make it our *Work*, to keep the *Vulgar* in *Ignorance*, and let them neither read *Bible*, or any other *Book* that may administer to 'um the least ray of *Light* or *Knowledg*; so that many of our people never so much as heard of *Moses*, and scarce any of them ever saw or heard the *Ten Com-*

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mandements: For we have stifled one of them, and when any of the rest is broken, can presently sodder it up again with a Confession. And as for God Almighty, they take him to be as they have seen him *picur'd*, an Old Man somewhat like the *Pope*, sitting in a *Chair*, with a Rabble of Hee and Shee *Saints* kneeling before him. Therefore let not *Bumpkin* think he has got the start of us in that *Vertue*.

Tom. You have much rectified my *Understanding*: But one thing more before we part. What if there should be an *Hell* now, and I should go thither at last for all my pains? This Question *Bumpkin* asked *Citt*.

Dick. And how did *Citt* answer it?

Tom. By a pretty *Simily* of the Seven *Deadly Sins*, and Seven *Vials*; but the *Application* was, that Men were seen still to thrive by all these *Evil Ways*, and that they were not *poysen*, as some would make them believe, but as sweet and wholesome as *Muskadine*, and none seemed the worse for them; therefore there was no danger in committing those Seven *deadly Sins*, or drinking out of the Seven *Vials*.

Dick. 'Twas well said, and the *Application* will hold good also on our side; but we have a trick that *Citt* has not, to cheat the *Devil*.

Tom. I pray what's that? I shall say then you are *cunning* indeed.

Dick. Why? We have a *Purgatory* to go to, when we die acting and rolling in the Seven *deadly Sins*; and

and if they are so profitable as *Citt* says they are, we may then be able to leave a little Money behind us for a *Welch Priest* (or any other *Priest* will do it as well) who by the muttering of a few *Masses*, releases a Soul out of *Purgatory*, and sends him immediately to *Paradise*. I think then the *Devil* is cheated for all his Baits of Seven deadly Sins.

Tom. Indeed, indeed we have here the advantage of *Citt*, and as I take it, *Encouragement* enough to drink stoutly of *Citt's Seven Vials of Deadly Sins*.

But what think you of the *Appeal*? *Citt* brags he knows who wrote it.

Dick. 'Tis no matter whoever wrote it, he was one of my *profession*; and I'll tell you his name too under the *Rose*.

Tom. Prethee do, for I long to know.

Dick. It was one Mr. *Turbulent*, let him be *Citt* or otherwise; but more of such I say, we fare the better for them: I know one got Fifty pound by that Job.

Tom. But what if *Truman* should come now, and having overheard our *Discourse*, fall into *Dispute* with us?

Dick. Ne'r fear; he rarely *intermixes* in our Company: but if he should, I know how to handle *Citt's Arguments*, and they would damnably puzzle him.

Tom. Heblew all away with a puff, and fell Tooth and Nail to vindicate one *L'Estrange*, prethee.

Dick. Who's he? Do'st know him? Know him, Ay almost as well as *Madam B.* he's a Wit, a plaguy Fellow at the Goof-quil, a very *Lucian* at Dialogues.

Tom. Well, but is he a Friend?

Dick. Hold thy prating, what a rude Fool art thou to question a *Gentlemans Religion*; he that is not against us, is with us, and I never heard he ever wrote against Catholicks, (except it were a *Protestant-Catholick*, and that, he says, is a *Solecism*) but he has pepper'd the *Presbyterians*. A Protestant he says is a *Lutheran*, and *Catholick* the *Characteristical Note* of a *Christian*; and it seems he would have the Church of *England* stick up her Bristles, and disown all Fellowship with Protestants abroad, and knock out all *Non-conformists* Brains at home, as the only way to prevent Popery. And in particular he has serenaded *Dr. Oats* of late most notably; and caress'd him just as *Joab* did *Abner*, and would father that Bastardly project on him, with several other happy Jobbs. Ah *Jack!* thou canst not Fadome the Talents and necessary Abilities of this mighty Bully of the Juck-pot. Let him go on and prosper, receive the Applauses of *Man's Coffe-House*, and the Acclamations of *St. Omerian* Companions; but let thee and I go on with our Chat.

Tom. But still I am afraid of some *Eves-dropping True-man*: For we live in a damnable Informing Age.

Enter

Enter Goodman.

Goodm. Tho' *Truman* be not here, I am one that has as honest an Heart, perhaps, and desires to speak a word or two with you : For I have overheard all the *Rogueries*.

Tom. Why, who are you? We know you not.

Goodm. My Name is *Goodman*, and I assure you I am no Knave, and have not over much of the *Fool* in me neither. I am no *Papist*, either *bare-fac'd* or *Vizard-masqu'd*; I am no *Citt* or *Faction* *Bumpkin*; no *Republican*, nor yet *Fanatick*; but since you ask the Question, I shall tell you, that I am a true Lover of my King and Countrey, and one that perfectly hates all your *Wicked Villanies*, that both you two, and *Citt* and *Bumpkin* discoursed of. It is such as you that endeavour to set true *English-men* by the Ears: You are the *Envenomed Ferment* of the *Nation*, that will never leave working, till you have put it into a *Malignant Fever*: You are a *plague* that infects the Blood, and Humours of this *political Body*: You are *Dogs* that have lick'd up the *Old Vomits*, and are now spewing all up again: You are the very *Gaderine Swine* the Devils entred into, and are sent from the *Bottomless pit*, to roule your selves in all the *Filthy sinks* and *Standing-puddles* of the *Nation*, to raise up a *Stench* enough to bring a new *Plague of War* upon Three Kingdoms.

Tom. This is a very wrathful Fellow.

Dick.

Dick. Come Sir, we care not a Farth for you, nor your *Similies* neither; whatever you are, or what ever you make *us to be*, wee'l go on in our *Business*.

Goodm. You will so? I question it not; for ye are the *Catterpillars* of the *Nation*, the *Locusts* that would *devour every thing*: but yet, notwithstanding both *yours* and *Citts Politicks*, there will come an *East Wind* call'd *Gods Providence*, that will *sweep the Nation clean*, from such *Vermine*.

Dick. In the *mean time*, dare you *dispute* with me about *Government*? and I'll hold *Citts Arguments* against you.

Goodm. This is no *Place* for *Disputes*, and I desire not to *meddle* with *Governours*, nor *Governments*. I have already told you what *I am*, and by that you might believe, I am no *Medler*, nor troubled with the *Itch* of *disputing*.

Tom. What makes you meddle with us then, could not you let us alone?

Goodm. Because I am a *Good-man* in a *Moral Sense*, and cannot hear such *wicked*, *lend*, and *abominable Discourses* as have past between you, without a *Reproof* for your *Villanies*. Therefore think of it, both of you, and be *ashamed*, (if you are not quite past all *Shame* and *Grace*) and do not thus study worse than *Magical Arts* to *embroyl* a *Nation*, to cause *Fear* and *Jealousies* in the *People*, *Anger* and *Suspicion* in the *King*, and *Magistrates*
to

to break the *Blessed Unity* of the *King* and his *People*, to talk of *Government* and *Priviledges* after your *Rate*, to *invent Lyes* and *forge false Reports*, and in fine, to bring all into a *Flame* and *Combustion*.

Dick. Then you dare not *Dispute* with us?

Tom. No, No, he's *affraid* you'll be too *hard* for him.

Goodm. What is your *Argument*?

Dick. First, That 'tis better to *obey God* than *Man*.

Goodm. I say so too, 'tis *literally* true, and if it were not absurd, to name the *Scriptures* to such as *scoff* at them, I might tell you that *God* has said it in them; Though you would from this, draw a false *Inference*, and set up an *Infallible Spirit*, like the *Quakers Light* within you, and that should be accounted the *Commands* of *God*, which should be *dictated* by this *Spirit*, though contrary to those he has already laid down in his *Written Word*, for a *Rule* of our *Faith* and *Life*. But, Sir, this I am sure is not your *true Belief*, though it be *Citts Argument*, and you look on it as a *two Edg'd Sword*, that *cuts* every way; for let me tell you, that you hold it *better*, and more *lawful*, to obey *Man* than *God*, or your *Earthly God* (as some of you call him) than the *heavenly God*. Don't you hold the *Pope Infallible*, and that he cannot *Err*? and therefore, what ever he *commands*, though it be against the very *Letter* of the *Sriptures*,
tho

tho' against the *Ten Commandments*, tho' against the Express Commands of Christ, and the *Doctrine* of the Apostles, and the Fathers of the Church of Christ, for several *Centuries* immediately following: Nay, though against *Nature*, *Reason*, and *Sense* it self, you do, (and are so bound to) both Believe and Act: And therefore I think you may let *Citts* Argument alone, and hold your own.

Tom. Why, this is shamming, he runs from the point. ----- To him with another of *Citts* Arguments.

Dick. Well, what say you to the *Sovereign Power* being in the people?

Goodm. I say to you I am no *Commonwealthsman*, and I know there was a King, and Sovereign power before there was a people. Those are not Arguments for either you or me to meddle with: We are happy in our *Monarch* who cannot wrong us; But such as you, by your Evil Councils and bad *Designs* may, when you try by all evil ways to turn the *Soeverignty* to *Tyranny*, and the *Imperial Crown* to a *Despotical*, which will never be: For the King loves his *People* too well to desire it; and as long as he has the Love and Hearts of his *People* (which only such as you strive to rob him of) he is a most absolute *Prince*, and may command both their *Lives* and their *Fortunes* without Force or Compulsion. We may cry out, O *Fortunate English-men*, if truly sensible of their own *Happiness*.

Dick,

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Dick. But is not the King one of the Three Estates?

Goodm. Yes, sure he is, or else there were not Three Estates; but he is as the Head of the Body, and if the Hands should not administer Food to the Head, I am of the Opinion, that the Body would soon become a *Skeleton*. I say again, of all the Nations of the World, we are the most happy in the *Constitution* of our *Government*; where the King and his People are so united and incorporated, as the Head and Body of a Living Creature, that one cannot do Injury to the other, without making both suffer, and endangering the ruine of the whole. And therefore they ill advise, to break the Ancient Constitutions, Customs, Priviledges, and known Rights and Liberties of the people; and they as wickedly endeavour, who would any way go about Sacrilegiously to rob the King of the least Ray of *Prerogative*, which is the *Halus* or *Glory* that surrounds the *Head of Majesty*.

Tom. Methinks the Gentleman speaks Reason.

Goodm. As on the one side, no Laws can be imposed on us, but by the Consent of the people in their Representatives, and the Nobility and Clergy in theirs: So on the other side, none can be made, that shall prejudice the Sovereignty, or infringe the King's *Prerogative*, without his Consent and Sanction; which Kings are wise enough, not to grant in prejudice to themselves, as the People likewise are careful not to frame any to
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their own *Hurt*: so that we certainly have a most happy *Constitution of Government*, and a better cannot be desired, when the *King* cannot do *Injury* to his People, nor they any ways hurt him, without *Rebellion* on the one side, and *Tyranny* on the other.

Tom. But is not a *Commonwealth*, a better Government?

Goodm. We are a *Commonwealth*, though not in your Sense; and it is my Opinion, that no better Government can be found in the *Essence* or *Being*, than what we have; though as to the outward Branches, they may be better prun'd perhaps, and we see them in every Age, rectified by new and wholesome Laws; for some, like decayed Limbs, become *obsolete* and without Use, such are cut off, and new spring up in their Places, with new Sap and Vigour. I judge it much against the Humour and Constitution of this People, to become such a *Commonwealth* as you mean; for it will not be possible, but that in a little Time, he that can get Power will be our Tyrant, as we saw by Example in the late Tryal was made thereof. And therefore you wicked Emissaries, leave off creating these Jealousies and Fears of a *Commonwealth*; for the only way that I know to make one, is that which you now take, to bring us out of Love with Monarchy, so into Rebellion, Confusion and Anarchy, and to raise up the like Combustion this Land too lately felt; which I pray God of his Mercy avert, and so I'll leave you.

Tom.

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Tom. This is a pestilent Fellow.

Dick. Ay, Ay, Let him prate: don't you be afraid of his *East-Wind* of *Providence*: go about your *Business*, and observe my *Rules* and *Maxims*. Let Good men talk as long as they will; *Words* are but *Wind*, but if the *Turn comes*, we two shall be *Rich*: And so Farewel.

F I N I S.

This is a Fugitive Fellow.

Don't let him bite: don't you let
him of his English of Freedom: of about
your English, and observe my Rules and Maxims.
Let Good men talk as long as they will: Words are
but Wind, but if the Time comes, we two shall be
Rob: And so Farewell.

FINIS
